

# In the ... NEW YORK THEATRES

BY EMORY B. CALVERT



FRANCES DEMAREST  
"THE PASSING SHOW OF 1916"  
WINTER GARDEN

DOROTHY MERRITT  
"THE BOOMERANG"  
BELASCO THEATRE

RICHARD BENNETT

## Lew Fields Pays Tribute to Chorus Girl; Dolly Sisters Have New Play.

BY EMORY B. CALVERT.

NEW YORK, July 15.—The old reliable Lew Fields, just at present ornamenting "Step This Way" at the Shubert, is out with a eulogy of the chorus girl. He finds she makes the best and demurest of wives, the most faithful of mothers and the most devoted of nurses.

Now, while we agree with Mr. Fields when he says the chorus girl does what she does with a vim, we must admit to have found certain members of the tribe are not as averse to fizz water and fast motoring as he asserts. Still, there are few greater living authorities upon the chorus girl than Mr. Fields. His views therefore are not to be lightly brushed aside.

"Some seem to think," says Lew Fields, "that the chorus girl is immoral; that she never dies. Some college boys are even foolish enough to think some of the girls are divine. They are in fact and figure—some of them. Well, the dear girls get married, indeed, their penchant, prudence and propriety for matrimony is simply astounding. Everybody wants one."

"And what will hardly be denied, they make mighty good wives. They are beyond question the most devoted, domestic and delectable wives going. Ask any manager what has become of some dainty little deprecator of femininity who was once in the chorus and you'll find nine cases out of ten, that she is

the loving wife of some sickeningly rich old codger or the admired help-mate of some sullen son of defiance, with plenty of cash to buy her automobiles, yachts and country houses.

"I never met the husband of a chorus girl who wasn't glad he had her—and her children. But what about those who do not marry? This refers, of course, to those who do not remain on the stage. Well, speaking from experience, why they become angels again, and continue so everlastingly.

"I have known dozens of girls who have left the stage in order to nurse and comfort an ailed or decrepit father, mother, brother or sister. The chorus girl doesn't do anything half way; she is ever the little brick, who, when she makes a sacrifice, does it without grumbling, and completely and freely.

"I think you'll admit that the chorus girls of the old Weber and Fields Music Hall at 23rd street and Broadway were a comedy lot. What has become of them? Well, almost every one of them is happily married, and many committed matrimony while playing at the musical hall, which was about 20 years ago. Every little while a pretty little chick comes along and asks for a position, saying, 'Mr. Fields, my mother was in the chorus of the old Weber and Fields Music Hall!'

"It is generally supposed that the chorus girl's ambition consists in a desire for multitudes of broiled lobsters and seas of sparkling wine. This is but another of those silly notions regarding this public pet. Ask one of them what she hopes to do or be come and she'll reply, 99 times out of 100: 'Either a prima donna, legitimate or comic opera star.' Almost every one hands her energies in these several directions.

"If we had royalty, dukes and lords

and such you'd probably find that the chorus girl would be liberally represented in the aristocracy."

### Play For the Dolly Sisters.

The charming Dolly Sisters, Rozika and Yvonne, will have a new farce comedy all their own next month, about August 15. A. H. Woods will present the dancing pair in "His Brilial Night," a play written by Lawrence Hinds and revised by Margaret Mayo.

The play tells a story of mixed identities and gives the girls lots of chances to show their proficiency as dancers. So two more recruits are gained for the "legitimate" stage from the ranks of vaudeville and musical comedy, to which the Hungarian beauties hitherto have devoted themselves.

Mr. Woods's further plans for next season show he is contemplating his practice of assembling unusually strong casts for his productions.

That is the outstanding feature of his plans for the coming season. The list of players he has assembled, for instance, for a new play by Max Marcin, entitled "Cheating Chatters," includes Frederick and Fannie—which includes Marjorie Rambeau, Carl Kieckhefer, William Morris, Robert McWade, Edward Durand, Frank Monroe, Anne Sutherland, Winifred Harris and Gypsy O'Brien, all well known to Broadway.

"Cheating Chatters" has already been rounded into form for New York, by preliminary performances out of town. Then there is the cast of "The Squab Farm," a new comedy by the Hattsons—Frederick and Fannie—which includes among others, Robert Edeson, Lola Fisher, Lowell Sherman, Frances Benzen, William Gibson, Corinne Barker, Patricia Buck and Beatrice Noyes. "The Squab Farm" possesses an element of novelty in that its milieu is that new world which has beheld the motion picture screen. It, too, has been

produced elsewhere and is awaiting its New York premiere.

Irene Fenwick will return to Mr. Woods's management in a drama called "The Guilty Man." Ruth Helen Davis wrote the play in collaboration with the late Charles Klein, basing it on a story by Francois Coppee. In Miss Fenwick's support will be Lowell Sherman, William Devereaux, Kenneth Hunter, Gareth Hughes, Clarence Handyside, Edmund G. Bruce, John Webb, Stuart Robson, Paul Doucet and Sam Edwards.

Two plays by the prolific Willard Mack, whom Mr. Woods introduced to Broadway, are ready for production. One, a melodrama in four acts, called "King," is scheduled to follow "The Passing Show of 1916" at the Winter Garden. The other, "Her Market Value," and in her support will be Charles Walcott, Dudley Hawley, Charles Lane, John H. Lee, Ida Darling and Suzanne Wilks. In Mr. Woods's list is also a new play by Louis Anspacher, entitled, "That Day," in which Kathryn Kiddle will appear in a role similar to the title role in which she won fame in "Madame Sans-Gene."

Miss Demarest on Dancing. Good dancing of simple steps counts more than only fair performance of difficult ones, according to Frances Demarest, prima donna of "The Passing Show of 1916" at the Winter Garden. She is the original singer and dancer of the "Every Little Movement" number in "Madame Sans-Gene" on the crest of the tango mania wave that swept over the country.

"Any dancer must be a pantomime to rise above the ordinary standards," Miss Demarest remarked. "Expression of the eyes, movement of the arms and general graceful pose of body, all cultivate a delightful rhythmic touch. The very simplest steps, when executed properly and with finesse and grace always win more applause than the most intricate evolutions performed by a mechanical dancer. Ballroom as well as stage dancing is constantly changing, and even the modern steps now in vogue will doubtless enjoy their popularity for a brief season only."

Richard Bennett's New Play. Richard Bennett, who is remembered for his acting in one of J. M. Barrie's plays, will have a similar role in a new comedy of England which will be put on here next fall. The author of the piece is Harold Lloyd, who wrote the success "Hobson's Choice" last year. It is probable Mr. Bennett will be seen in the Empire theatre after John Drew's engagement there in "Pendennis."

Best in a Booth Play. Another of many new plays now in the announcement that Guy Bates Post, the star of "Omar the Tentmaker," will be presented about December 1 here in a new modern drama being written especially for him by John Hunter Booth. Richard Walton Talley will be in the new play, which will be a new play of his own, which will open at the Lyric theatre Labor Day. This will be a very spectacular affair, it is said.

Selwyn's Plans for Fall. The first offering of Selwyn & Co. will be "John W. Blake," a new play by Roy Cooper Merritt and Irvin Cobb. George Nash and Janet Beecher will be in the new play, which will be a new play of his own, which will open at the Lyric theatre Labor Day. This will be a very spectacular affair, it is said.

Two emotional actresses will drop their tears, which have been burned out by the taking of some interior scenes in "The American Beauty," in which artificial lights were used. At one time Miss Stedman's friends were afraid she would have to go to Philadelphia and undergo an operation, but it is now hoped that such a step may not be necessary. Miss Stedman has been almost inundated with sympathetic inquiries.

Monroe Salisbury is acting a very different sort of character in "The World's a Stage" than in which he appeared in "Ramon." He takes the part of a loose-jointed, cynical, with kind hearted man of letters, and his make-up and the way his figure is altered is extraordinary.

Manuel Gonzalez, of Guernsey, Mexico, used to make a living by going to jail for a certain railroad company. Every time the railroad was in trouble, he would go to jail and be arrested by the authorities, bailed out by the railroad and his fine was paid by the company to prevent the arrest of employees when time was too valuable to spend in jail.

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## The Swift Foe of the Rat

By Garrett P. Serviss

A RAT with a weasel on his track is, I imagine, a very unhappy animal. His chances could hardly be worse unless his pursuer happened to be that red-eyed cousin of the weasel called a ferret. And yet a rat is a corner and he will fight a man or a dog. But he will not stay in a corner to fight if a weasel is after him.

The ferret, swift, sinuous movements of his slender body, his keen eyes and his lightning-like speed, make him a formidable foe of the rat. He is like a swordsman fighting with a streak of lightning. And the lightning becomes zig-zag when it is a ferret instead of a weasel that makes the attack.

Both the weasel and the ferret belong to the family of polecats, and one of their other slender cousins is the stoat, who, when he wears a white coat, with a black tip on his tail, is dignified with the name of ermine, whose fur is once so proud of adorning themselves with that they forbade common people, including those more stunted common people called nobles, to put it on.

All of these creatures are born rat-catchers, but the weasel and the ferret excel their relatives in bloodthirstiness, rapidity and cunning. When I was a boy I had a great fear of weasels, because of the stories that I heard of their ferocity, swiftness, ability to go through the narrowest opening, and habit of springing upon their prey and instantly driving their sharp teeth into the arteries of its neck.

These stories were true enough in substance, only weasels were not so numerous nor so fond of chasing little boys as I had been led to suppose. The nearest I ever got to a weasel was taking up, with rather tremulous fingers, from a hen's nest some fresh egg shells, which, I was told, had been sucked by a marauding weasel.

Yet the weasel, for all the terror that he inspires, is one of the handsomest of the smaller four footed animals. And if you can keep him away from the hen's nests and the chicken yards he is one of the most useful allies of man, on account of the ceaseless war that he wages on rats, mice, moles and other vermin.

The weasel has even been called a hero, but that on the Pacific Rialto the public has become so used to seeing the film stars that she can walk down the Los Angeles Broadway without being embarrassed by the curious stares of those who have seen her on the screen. In Chicago, when she was with the Equanay, she says she hardly dared venture off Michigan boulevard.

Myrtle Stedman is suffering from her eyes, which have been burned out by the taking of some interior scenes in "The American Beauty," in which artificial lights were used. At one time Miss Stedman's friends were afraid she would have to go to Philadelphia and undergo an operation, but it is now hoped that such a step may not be necessary. Miss Stedman has been almost inundated with sympathetic inquiries.

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The Weasel Resting.

"elegant" on account of his shape. He has the graceful "stream lines" with which automobile manufacturers have coated so many extra dollars out of people's pockets, and his movements are an eye lesson for dancing masters. A full grown male weasel is about ten or 11 inches long, including a short tail; the female is somewhat shorter. He has a small head, little round ears, five long, slender, curved claws, sharp, white teeth, and a finely arched back. He has short, fine fur, brown on the top and sides and white underneath. If his habitation is far north, he sometimes turns white in winter, in imitation of the ermine, but he has not the invaluable black tip on his tail, and he is smaller than the ermine.

He will chase his prey anywhere—into a hole, up a tree, through any kind of a labyrinth, and across a stream of water, for he is a perfect swimmer. Only the ferret excels him in these exercises. The ferret is a professional, the weasel an amateur, almost as good as a professional. I have read one pleasing thing about the weasel—the female. It is said that a mother weasel will fight for her children against any possible odds, and will die on the spot rather than desert them.



The Little Harvest Mouse.

## Good Manners Is Not Insincerity, But a Law of Mutual Kindness

Dorothy Dix Answers Writer Who Says Etiquette Makes Hypocrites of Us  
—Conventions of Society Save Us Heartaches and Help to Keep Us Happy.

BY DOROTHY DIX.

NOT long ago I wrote an article in which I spoke with emphasis that the University of New York is going to inaugurate a man reader takes exception to my views. He writes:

"I disapprove highly of all the etiquette, because etiquette robs us of sincerity."

"If you go into a room and find people there who are not of the slightest interest to you, why should you hypocritically restrain your expressions of their troubles, and rejoice in their happiness, when in reality you do not care whether they live or die? Yet etiquette requires you to do this."

"Etiquette will stop you from telling a man that he is a liar, or a woman that she is a fool."

"Etiquette prescribes that you smile

when you have not the slightest desire to do so."

"Etiquette forces you to listen to the tiresome conversation and long-winded stories of others."

"Etiquette forces you to do that which you do not desire to do, and to leave undone that which you wish to do."

A Rule of the Game.

"What is the good of etiquette?" "Etiquette is simply one of the rules of the game. When human beings are above beasts, who were continually at each other's throats and decided to live together in peace and harmony, they found out that they would have to agree upon certain things that they could do, and couldn't do, and that everyone must respect these unwritten laws because it made things pleasanter for everybody."

Out of this grew what we call the conventions of society and etiquette, and, of course, arbitrary as they sometimes seem, they invariably rest upon some human need and represent the accumulated experience of centuries of man dealing with man, and the best way to do it.

Moreover, etiquette is nothing more nor less than the Golden Rule dressed in its proper clothes and with a bow in its buttonhole. It teaches us to treat others as we would like to have others treat us. It is a code of conduct that we can hold an audience on the intrinsic thrill of our discourse, and we would like to have them respect our privacy and opinions, and be careful of their susceptibilities. We would like to have them respect ours.

You can have no better illustration of the happy working out of etiquette than in the very business of my correspondent. He asks a woman why he should appear to sympathize with the joys and sorrows of people for whom he cares nothing.

Doubtless this man never takes the trouble to write a note of condolence when there is a death in the family of one of his acquaintances, or a congratulatory note when some good luck comes the way of a neighbor.

When a woman happens to be vitally interested in him, he would not enter the heart if his wife or child lay dead and no human being spoke a word of sympathy to him. Would he not the happiness of his success be dimmed if not a man put out a hand and said, "Good luck for you old chap. I'm awfully glad for you?"

A Good Thing for all of Us.

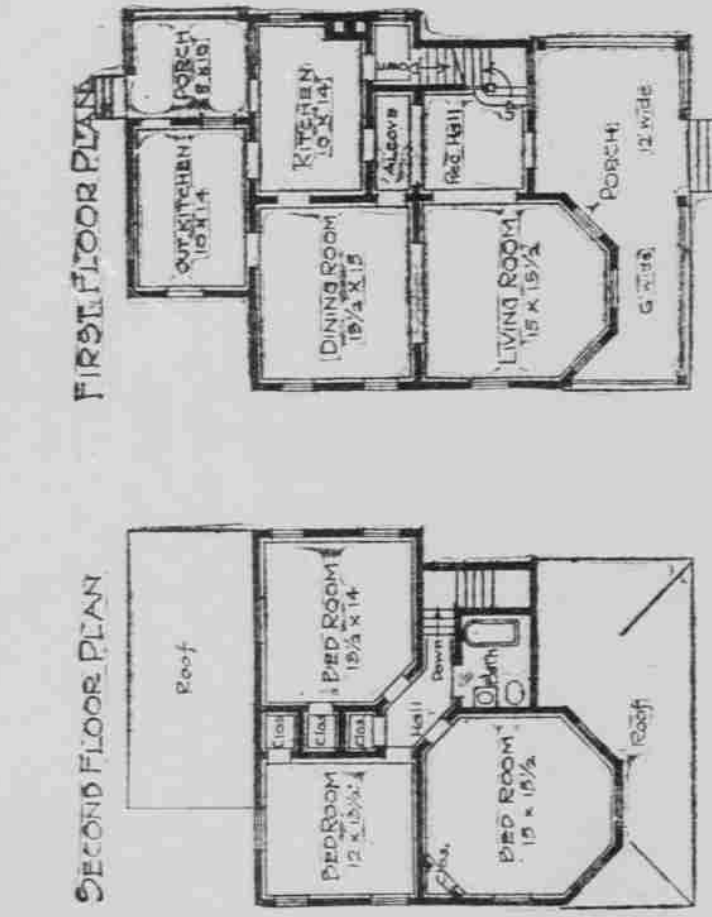
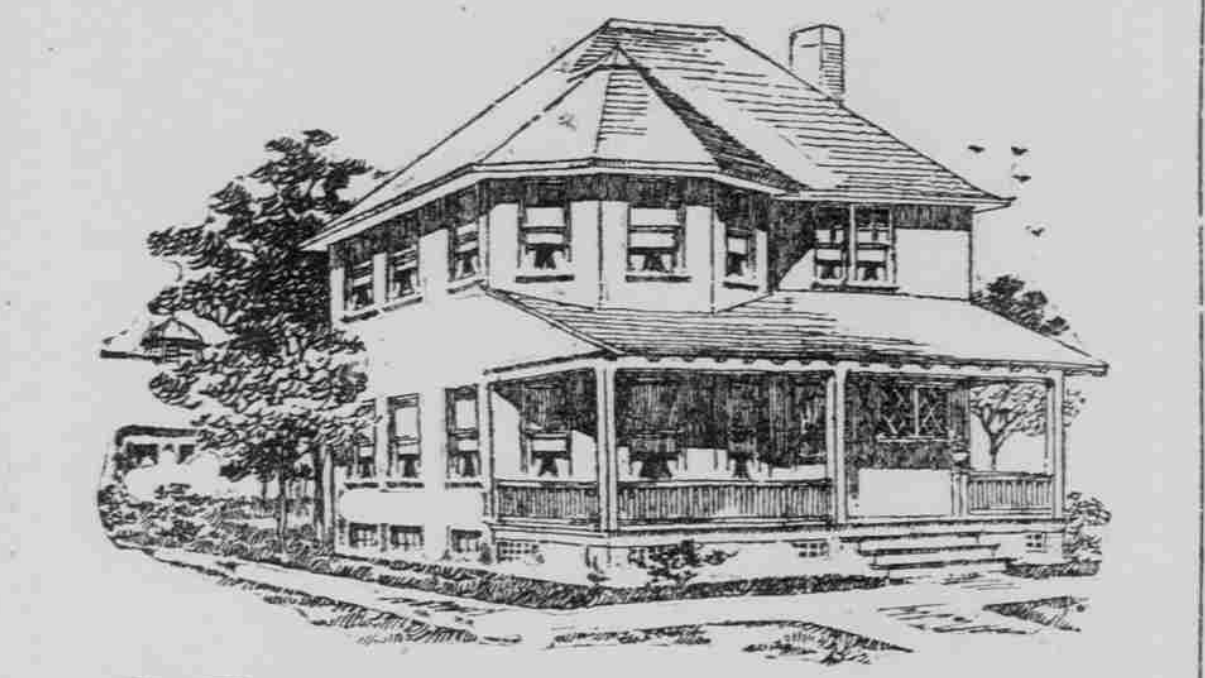
My correspondent says that etiquette forces us to listen to an affectionate, interested and tedious conversation, and laugh over jokes that we eat our teeth on in our cradles. Let us thank heaven that it does. Precious few of us are such spellbinders that we can hold an audience on the intrinsic thrill of our discourse, and we would like to have them respect our privacy and opinions, and be careful of their susceptibilities. We would like to have them respect ours.

Why isn't it as sincere to turn a cheery, happy face upon the people at your breakfast table and in your office as it is to grouch in gloom? And as for sympathizing with the joys and sorrows of those about us, is it not only a good thing to do, but it is not as broad as it is long, for it keeps other people from saying the same thing to us.

As for etiquette being the mother of insincerity, that is nonsense. There is more to praise than to blame, more to admire than to criticize, more to like than to hate in the world. Why is it not as honest to speak of a person's good qualities as his bad ones, and do not say things as they are?

At its worst, etiquette is merely assuming the virtues of consideration of others by those who have it not, and that is better than the brutality of the savage, who goes his own way unmindful of the rights of others. When we all get to be angels, trustfully intent on promoting each other's happiness, we can do without etiquette; but until that time arrives, blessed be good manners that make it hard for us to stop on each other's toes, and do not say things as they are prompted to do.

## A WELL PLANNED HOME



## Girl Workers Who Win Out

(Continued from previous page.)

She really knew things and her day with Mrs. Sheldon was a successful one.

You ought to be buying things for yourself," Mrs. Sheldon said over the luncheon table. "I don't suppose you get much at this work."

"If I get enough, I won't be doing this all day."

"What would you like to do?" "Interior decorating." And the girl's eyes lighted and her charming face dimpled merrily as she said the words.

"So you have it all fixed, have you? Well, I'll help you, if that's what you're out to Cedarvale for a week and help me place the cretonnes. Then I can see how well you do it. You're not like the girls I know, none of them has any desire to do anything. You seem to have a purpose in life, you have taken the talent God gave you and are making it count. Rich is just as much of a talent as anything else, and I propose to help you make good. I wish there were more girls like you."

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